

September 30, 1946.

Dear Jack-

Your tale of woe was an incredible shock. Mostly it made me feel very guilty that we had not been maintaining our correspondence; we were both very busy. I'm afraid I wouldn't be very much help as a physician: at this time I've never heard of the Barre-Gillian syndrome, nor is it in any of my textbooks, I would like very much to visit you, but I am tied in an insoluble knot for the next two weekends, and one would hope you might be discharged by then. If not let me know, and I will try to make it over there.

In the meantime, there has been news of Platt. After an incredible odyssey over the Pacific waters in the USMS, he has finally been discharged and is back to pretty much his old job with Science Service in Washington, D.C. I don't know ~~just~~ whether I told you yet that those crucial experiments on sexuality in bacteria have come through very well indeed. My fellowship has been renewed, so I'm staying here another year, and registering as a candidate for a Ph.D., with that work as my thesis. Also I'm engaged to be married (not officially yet) to a gal by the name of Esther Zimmer whom I met down here only about 2 1/2 months ago. We can't get married until things settle down a bit however, which will probably be next Spring or Summer. Seymour is in the Navy (going to Radar School) and is just about due to drop in on Boot Leave. My folks have moved to Portland, Me., but we're keeping our NY apartment for Esther and me when we return to NY. Let us know if you could make any use of it. It's in a horrible mess now though.

So get well, old bean, and I'll be seeing ya sometime,

Joshua.